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39.—The Swedenborgians (Rev. John Hyde).
41.—St. Mary's, Hulme (Rev. F. C. Woodhouse.)
41.—The Stowell Memorial Church.
42.—Birch Church (Rev. Canon Anson).
43.—An Evening with the Christian Brethren.
45.—Manchester Cathedral.
45.—Sale Independent Chapel (Rev. Edward Morris).
46.—The German Church, Greenheys.
47.—Ritualism in Manchester (St. John Baptist's).
48.—St. Saviour's Church Rev W. F. Birch).
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53.—The Church of the Ascension (Rev. C. T. Watson).
53.—Northen Churchyard.
54.—The Wesleyan College, Didsbury.
55.—St. Michael's and its Rector (Rev. G. S. Allen).
58.—Great Fast of the Jews.
59.—Deserted Churches: 1. St. Clement's.
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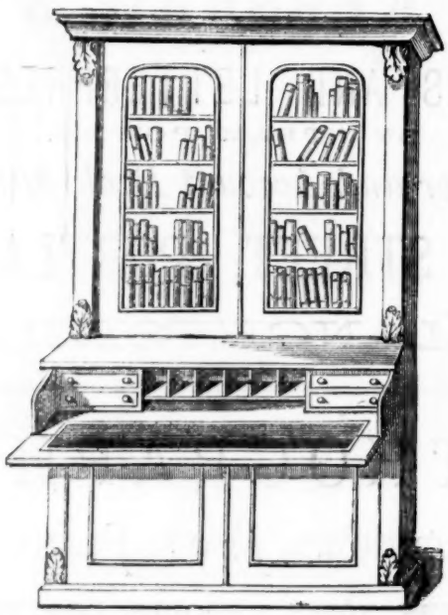

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CHEERYBLE BROTHERS' CHURCH AND THE BAILIFFS.

MR. GRANT, of Nuttall Hall, Ramsbottom, has lately been practically illustrating his own unsophisticated method of church disestablishment. Despising round-about diplomacy, and hugging to his breast the concentration of wisdom conveyed in the aphorism that possession is nine points of the law, he went straight to the point—or rather the nine points—in Cromwellian fashion, and took possession of St. Andrew's English Presbyterian Church, Ramsbottom. This he did by authoritatively planting in possession an organization of bailiffs, generalled, it is said, by an ex-detective, shutting out altogether not only the congregation and its elected authorities, but the Lancashire Presbytery, or provincial council, itself. The manner and consequences of this we proceed to narrate.

The first consequence is that Mr. Grant has roused a slumbering lion. The whole vast Presbytery of Lancashire—an important division of the English Presbyterian Church—is in arms to a man, and warm and enthusiastic in the new cause. It contains among its members many a rich merchant who is a power on the Liverpool or Manchester Exchange, and many a stern presbyter and elder, uncompromising of principle and liberal in backing it. And what is more, they have now got a cause to fight for. Mostly Scotchmen, they have the *perfervidum ingenium* which animated the Reformers whom John Knox championed, which blazed forth into a fire unquenched by defeat and wholesale martyrdom in the days of the Covenanters, and broke out afresh in the secession of the U. P's under Erskine and the disruption of the Frees under Chalmers. Truth to tell, in Lancashire the *perfervidum ingenium*, like trade, has been smouldering a little of late, and, except in the case of certain unimportant but healthy dissentions and objurgations, and the discussion of the jack-in-the-box-like and safety-valve church-organ question, there was not much to rouse the community. But the determination with which ministers and elders have espoused the cause of the Ramsbottom congregation *versus* Mr. Grant shows that business is meant. The struggle will be a hot and interesting one.

To go back to the very origin of the church, and the circumstances which have led to this affair: most people have read of those two genial old Dickensian ideals of business men, the benevolent, sunshiny, and ancient brothers Cheeryble. Far more people, however, especially in Manchester, know the report that the brothers Grant, who built the famous tower at Summerseat, conspicuous and commemorative, two old Scotch merchants of this town, were the originals whence the characters were taken. But that the Cheeryble Brothers were the Grants transferred to the pages of *Nicholas Nickleby* by a photographic process, or that the Grants supplied Mr. Dickens with more than the primary inception—the first dawning glimmer—of the characters, seems not only contrary to the principles of novel-writing, but directly derogatory to the art and creative powers of Mr. Dickens to assume; and all who remember the two old Scotchmen best will bear us out in what we say. But this cursorily. Old William Grant—extensive merchant, and Cheeryble Brother—was an elder in the Presbyterian congregation of old Dundee Church, Ramsbottom, connected with the Kirk of Scotland. His benevolence and Christianity are still matter of praise, especially to Mr. Charles Stewart, of Barbour Brothers. To that church the Rev. Mr. (afterwards Dr.) McLean was called in 1829. His talents and piety combined, with his labours and character, to render his ministry such a success that, to meet the wants of the enlarged and enlarging congregation, "Elder" Grant built and presented to it St. Andrew's Church. At any rate, that it was so presented has always been taken for granted, the strongest circumstantial evidence being the inscription on the foundation stone, and a minute in the session book recording a vote of thanks for the munificent gift. Lately the right has been called in question by Mr. Grant senior's nephew, and heir to his property—whether to his "Cheerybleness" we cannot say—the Mr. W. Grant junior already alluded to. At the time of the "Disruption," ten or nine years afterwards, the minister, elders, and congregation "disrupted" from the Scotch Kirk, with Chalmers and many others, and formed part of the Free Church, the English Presbyteries of which afterwards became a separate organization, under the name of the English Presbyterian Church.

We are ignorant of the motives which inspired the present Mr. Grant, nor would it be our business to canvass them if we knew. Suffice it to say that some four or five years ago, Dr. McLean received summary notice to quit Barwood Mount and house, which had been assigned as a sort of manse, or parsonage, to the church. Next we hear of several circulars sent by Mr. Grant to the congregation, and lastly, of a final notice to quit on the 29th of September last. The *Bury Times* of October 2nd, however, informs us that he forestalled an anticipated resistance by sending a number of bailiffs, generalled, it believes, by a Manchester ex-detective, on the Sunday prior to that date, who, after service, having secured the keys, took possession of the church. The number of bailiffs was subsequently increased to eighty, and we are told of their barricading the church doors and locking the outer gates. It is also reported that liquid refreshment was abundant in the sacred building, that the men were by no means averse to a game of cards to wile away the tedium of their watch, and that, altogether, they led a jolly life. They are still in possession. One can well imagine the universal outburst of horror produced by all this, not only in the neighbourhood, but throughout the whole Scotch community of South Lancashire. They asked if a house that should be called a house of prayer were to be made an abode of bailiffs. If cards were to be shuffled and cut where the leaves of hymn book and Bible, Sabbath after Sabbath, had been turned over? If the voices of psalm and of praise were to give place to less reverent voices. If, in the place where divine worship and the Eucharist had been celebrated, Bacchus should be honoured and the sacrilegious beer can passed?

On the Lancashire Presbytery, or Provincial Council of ministers and elders, the news of Mr. Grant's proceeding fell like a thunderclap. A meeting was forthwith fixed for the next Tuesday evening, in the bailiff-garrisoned chapel. Crowds assembled from the villages and hill-sides round, many of them determined, and ready at a word, to carry the chapel by storm, and wreak summary vengeance on its hired defenders. A police force from Bury attended in case of a riot. But these are not the days of force and violence, and the Lancashire ministers would be the last to dishonour their calling by resorting to them. Headed by the Rev. J. C. Paterson (chairman of the special Presbyterial committee) and Mr. Sudlow, their solicitor, they approached in procession, accompanied by the elders and members of session of the chapel, all solemn and half sorrowful, but fixedly resolute. Admittance to the chapel, asked by Mr. Sudlow, was, of course, refused by Mr. Buckley, who said he was acting under verbal and written orders from Mr. Grant. Those who expected a riot were disappointed. Mr. Paterson signed for silence, and calmly proclaimed an adjournment to the old Dundee Chapel. There he maintained the right of the congregation to the chapel which had been presented to them and to God, as a thank-offering, by Mr. Grant senior, and which they had undisputedly held for five-and-thirty years, until now. Mr. W. Wild mourned over this worst feature of the case, that access to the graveyard, where many of their fathers, mothers, and sisters lay interred, was now forbidden. Mr. Charles Stewart, of Barbour Brothers, whose usual kindly smile was obscured by a cloud of grief, related how he had tried amicably to settle the question with Mr. Grant, but had been met by uncourteous silence. At last he could stand it no longer, and, while telling of the sad effect on the sick pastor of the church, Dr. McLean, he broke out into this colophon:—"I say it is no less nor short of the work of the devil!" Poor Mr. Stewart!

So stands the affair. The church is still garrisoned by relays of bailiffs. Mr. Paterson has been refused admission to preach there. Great exasperation and wrath prevail throughout the Scotch community of Lancashire, from the first merchants on the Exchange down to lowly chapel-keepers. Meanwhile, a moving tragedy has mingled mourning with their wrath. Dr. McLean, who was moderator in their Synod in 1862, president, as it were, of their conference, a tall, commanding,

venerable old man, of great piety, learning, and authority in the body, who had been the elder William Grant's friend and the younger's tutor, who excelled in natural science as well as in preaching, a man who wore his heart not on his sleeve but in his countenance, was lying sick when the proceedings commenced. They preyed on his mind, and a week or two ago he died—with forgiveness on his lips. Ever and anon, however, in his last days, we are told, he would murmur, "They have taken my church from me; they have taken my church." It is almost impossible to realize the affection for every stone of a church with which a country clergyman, who has laboured long in one parish, comes to look on the building itself. To some it is almost as wife and children. Dr. McLean was buried a week or two ago, in the graveyard of old Dundee Chapel, where many of the Puritan forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

AT THE CIRCUS.

WAS there ever a pleasure in life like going to the circus as a child? The bewildering anticipations of enjoyment, the looking forward to the eventful day, the tickets and programmes procured beforehand, the being arrayed in best Sunday go-to-church clothes (we shall always remember a certain plaid frock, of very large pattern, and decorated down the front with enormous buttons), the waiting for the cab, the delicious dissipation of getting into said cab just at the very time when we were usually getting into bed, the drive itself, the mysterious lobby with the money-taker's hole on one side, and the grand gentleman, like a foreign prince in disguise, who ushered us through sundry doors and curtains into the circus itself. The circus! Who shall describe its glories? We gazed in a state of raptured entrancement. The smell of the sawdust was as otto of roses. The six seedy-looking musicians perched up aloft, in a sort of bird's nest, over the entrance to the ring, and who played not too well on instruments sadly out of tune, were to us Lavinges, De Jongs, and Hallés in a group. The grooms who lounged about the stable entrance, the gentlemen in semi-military attire, whose duty it was to stand with folded arms, and gaze critically at the performances of their brethren, when not performing in spangles and flesh-tights themselves; above all the distinguished personage with the long whip, who walked round and round after the horses until we feared his head would be giddy, and then amused himself (we say nothing of ourselves) by cracking the whip about the shoulders of the clown; all these were heroes to us, eclipsing even Jack the Giant Killer and Sinbad the Sailor. And then the riders and their feats! The gorgeous creature, flashing all over like a golden-scaled salamander, who rode on two bare-backed steeds at once! The gentleman in cocked hat and spurs who made his charger dance the polka, and kneel down! The daring rider with an unpronounceable name, who threw somersaults, and stood in all sorts of attitudes upon every part of his wildly-galloping steed, hanging on by his eye lashes! And that two legged chameleon who appeared, at first, as a rather bulky sailor, and then peeled off garment after garment, passing through various transition states of bandit, warrior, Highland chief, and goodness knows how many more characters, becoming thinner and thinner with each fresh change, until he finally ended in a Roman gladiator, with no costume at all to speak of! Then how shall we describe the impression made on our young and susceptible hearts by the ladies—the lovely fairies, in their short and much be-starched skirts, their brilliantly red cheeks, and necks of Parian marble whiteness! How we shouted "Hurrah" and clapped our tiny hands until they smarted; how we shook ourselves again with laughter at the jokes and antics of the clown; how we fell in love with a fair and graceful equestrienne, not more than forty, but to us fourteen; how we all but cried when the gentleman with the whip thanked everybody for coming, and told them they might as well go, for that was all; how for many a day after, we played at nothing else but riding on bare-backed chairs round the nursery circus, or lashing at nurse, who was supposed to be poised on one lovely leg, in short skirts, on a foaming piebald steed—is not all this written in the book of memory, and will not the word "circus" always have a mystic charm about it, making us young once more? And so it did the other night, when we took a little friend to the Circus in Bridge Street.

If that young friend had been older, and her mamma and sisters had been with us, *i.e.*, had there been any grown-up ladies in our party, it might have been a little unpleasant to find that smoking was permitted even in the sacred precincts of the two shilling balcony. This balcony, removed from all contamination from any and every other part of the building, looking down in proud isolation upon the shilling area below, and taking no notice whatever of the sixpenny galleries on either side, might surely have aristocratic manners of its own. Yet not only did our neighbours therein pull out their own cigars and smoke them, but, lest there should be any failure in the supply, a waiter appeared ever and anon with more for sale. Well, our good old aunt must wait yet awhile before she patronizes the Circus in Bridge Street. Fancy the dear old lady sitting next to a cigar, and with two or three more behind her!

We had plenty of horsemanship, tumbling, clown-work, and circus generally, for our money. Half-past seven to nearly eleven was no bad allowance. Alas! be it confessed, we could have done with less. It needed all the happy smiles and eager glances of the little maiden by our side to reconcile us to three hours' mockery of our childish recollections. Hoping and believing, however, that the little one was gazing at the ring and the riders through the same sort of spectacles as those through which we used to gaze ourselves at Astley's or Franconi's—we won't say how many years ago—we sat contented, although there was a great deal of repetition, as, for instance, *three* performing horses, at different intervals, who all followed in one another's footsteps; although rider after rider stood on the padded saddles, and leapt over flags, or through paper-covered hoops, after the fashion of all circus-riders from time immemorial; although the clowns' jokes were "familiar in our ears as household words," and although we were painfully reminded that many changeful and changing years must needs have elapsed since the time when such a circus as this would have been to us a fairy-ring full of all enchantment.

We have no wish to be hard upon our entertainers. The change was, doubtless, in ourselves. Yet, needs-be, we must protest against one piece of unnecessary vulgarity in the evening's programme. We call it a vulgarity, and a senseless one, for a man to appear in a long flowing nightgown, and then, through successive stages of bustle, dress, and bonnet, to attire himself as a woman, under the title of a "Pickwickian Illustration." It gave us additional reason to be thankful for the non-attendance of our aunt.

The great features of the evening's entertainment were "Ethardo," and a troop of performing dogs. It is no new feat in circus annals for a man to walk on a revolving ball, along a level plain, or up a short incline; but Ethardo has eclipsed all former ball-walkers as completely as Leotard and Blondin all competitors on the trapeze and tight rope. He takes his ball up an ingeniously constructed "spiral column," rolling himself up and down, round and round, on a plank or board just wide enough for the ball to revolve upon it, and with no coping or guard whatsoever at either side. This "spiral column" is somewhat like an immense corkscrew (we are borrowing from one of the clowns), and runs up to the very roof of the Amphitheatre. We are not fond of foolish, break-neck feats—although we blame the spectators much more than the performers in every case—but in this instance we must confess that the apparent ease and steadiness with which Ethardo rolled himself along, stopping occasionally, to the top of the corkscrew, and then descended backwards, took away the sickening sense of peril which usually accompanies exhibitions of this nature. Given nerve and a clear head, and it is, of course, as easy to stand, or go forwards, on a ball at the height of fifty feet as of five.

Of all the performers, however, during the whole evening, the dogs were far away the best. Men and horses were nowhere by comparison. The two poodles shaven and shorn, gravely going through their tricks, and all the more comic because of their gravity; the beautiful spaniel, who did everything in an affectionate and caressing manner; the curly black retriever (we hope to goodness we are not wrong in our classification); and, above all, the spotted "clown-dog:" wherever did Mr. Samwell pick him up, and how on earth has he trained him? Left sitting upon his chair, he sneaks off, while his companions are performing some trick or other, and going behind his master's back, mimics their motions, and burlesques their performance in a manner inconceivably ludicrous, because apparently of his own free will and pleasure. Mr. Samwell holds up a long narrow basket, like a dirty clothes basket with no bottom to it, and through this the other four dogs jump very

cleverly: our friend looks on, bides his time, makes a rush as if to go through the basket in his turn, but turns off short, and slips round his master's legs. Similarly when his companions have leapt through a hoop, he waits until said hoop has been thrown down on the ground, and another trick is in process, and then runs up to, and wriggles himself through it, with the air of a dog who knows how to do a thing or two with as little trouble as possible. Amidst the shouts of approving laughter which greeted this four-footed artiste, we took our departure, and finished our evening by bestowing half-a-sovereign on a cabman in mistake for sixpence. It was a worthy way of concluding our effort to be a child again.

MR. PHELPS.

UNTIL Mr. Phelps fulfilled a short engagement at the Prince's Theatre six months since, he had not appeared in Manchester for about twenty years, and to the younger generation of playgoers, his superior merits as an actor were practically unknown. During that visit he confined himself entirely to the part of Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, and on Monday evening he resumed the character and received a cordial welcome. November is a trying month in the North of England, and actors, like other mortals, cannot escape its insidious attacks. Last week, Mr. Sothern all but succumbed, and at Newcastle, we understand Mr. Phelps was attacked with sudden illness when dressed for the performance. He showed no signs of indisposition, however, on Monday evening, but threw himself into the part with all his wonted impetuosity and unflagging energy. Although now in the full plenitude of his mental powers, increase of years necessarily requires Mr. Phelps to husband himself, and as he is an actor who never spares himself when upon the stage, but gives the rein to his powers and fancy and allows them full scope, the performance of a round of exhausting tragic characters, night after night, would be a tax upon his strength which he prudently avoids. Accordingly, of late years, Mr. Phelps has cultivated the higher walks of comedy more than was his wont some years since, and so excellent are his performances of such characters, that the public have no reason to regret his adoption of them. First of this class, stands Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, a character which, with the exception of Mr. Phelps, almost no actor of the present day even cares to attempt. The fame of the accomplished Charles Young in the character, and of the wayward but gifted George Frederick Cooke (who used to pawn himself in Deansgate, well knowing that the manager would have to redeem him, before the performance could begin), has been handed down to us, and the late John Vandenhoff used to perform the part in our own time, but good as his performance was, it was far behind Mr. Phelps's delineation. Mr. Phelps's portrayal is one entire and perfect chrysolite, subtle and piercing in conception, and masterly in execution.

Mr. Phelps is an impulsive actor, and often as we have seen him play Sir Pertinax, and impeded as he was by the very inefficient support which he received from the Prince's Company, and the chilling accessories around him, we have seldom seen him act with more fire, or display greater richness of colouring, without the slightest exaggeration. He elucidates the various phases and shades of the character with such skill, and brings out the humourous side of the cunning, crafty old reprobate with so much force, that the character, taken as a whole, loses much of its repulsiveness, and the performance is vastly entertaining. Some actors make all their points exactly in the same way and at the same time. One can anticipate every gesture, every inflexion of the voice; calculate the number of strides which the actor will take in crossing the stage; tell the precise moment he will have recourse to his cambric handkerchief, or clutch at the breast of his shirt or jerkin. Not so with Mr. Phelps. Carefully as he studies his characters beforehand, he still is largely influenced by the inspiration of the moment. On Monday night he produced some strong effects differently from what we observed on his former visit. Notably was this the case in his interview with his son's tutor, when he propounds his devilish scheme for the ruin of Constantia, and his plan for effecting a rupture between her and his son. This scene Mr. Phelps acted with unusual power, and it reminded us of the interview in *King John*, where the King suggests to Hubert the murder of Prince Arthur, one of Mr. Phelps's best impersonations. The malignant, inquiring leer on the crafty old Scot's face, his suggestive hints, the cunning, subdued, and cautious glance with which he watches Sidney's countenance, his attitude when the tutor recoils from his suggestions, his burst of anger, and the contemptuous, bitter taunts which he heaps upon his "dependent," finally telling him, with a sneer, that *he'll* "never rise in the Church," were all depicted with rare skill and power. The depraved and perverted nature of the man almost made one's flesh creep, but the sudden transition with which Mr. Phelps passes to the humourous side of the character redeems it from offensiveness.

Like most great actors, Mr. Phelps is gifted with great mobility of countenance. His features are plastic and flexible, and spontaneously and without effort express the passions and emotions passing within. A wooden-featured actor, without any natural power of facial expression, is almost incapacitated from performing the characters in which Mr. Phelps most excels, and all laboured efforts after this gift of nature only end in grimace. In addition to the mastery of the Scotch accent which Mr. Phelps has attained, and which may be partially attributable to a residence in Edinburgh, where he was professionally stationed for some time when a young man, he seems to have projected himself, so to speak, into the idiosyncracy and characteristics of certain types of the national character. Doubtless Macsycophant was intended for a scathing satire on certain social and political vices of the day, which have their counterparts in our own time. Mr. Phelps brings out these characteristics with infinite force and humour. The fawning, servile obsequiousness to his "pawtron" in his presence; the contemptuous ruthless manner, as soon as his back is turned, in which he boasts to his son that "his pawtron, by his prodigality, has become his dependent, and that the deevil a baubee he has in the world but what comes through these clutches;" the persevering tenacity of purpose, the avarice, worldly ambition, and lust of power, all combined with the most cringing meanness, and total absence of all moral rectitude, are laid before the audience by the actor with the most delicate and finished touches of histrionic art. Even in small details, Mr. Phelps, perhaps unconsciously, is the "true Scot." His testy fits of petulant anger, as well as his bursts of rage and frenzy, his gestures, the way he sits down, and his mode of handling his snuff box and partaking of the pungent mixture, all smack of the other side of the Tweed. Notwithstanding his long residence in England, from the time when he got "a beggarly clerkship in Sawney Gordon's counting house" until he had a son five and twenty years of age, Sir Pertinax retained the national accent and characteristics with that strength which is peculiar to his countrymen.

As performed at the Prince's Theatre, *The Man of The World* is much curtailed, greatly to the comfort of the audience, considering the capabilities of the company. After the first act, Mr. Phelps is on the stage nearly the whole time of the performance, and such a short interval elapses between the acts that the audience are kept spell-bound until its termination. Mr. Phelps has three great scenes in which he lays fast hold of his audience, and holds them in the hollow of his hand. The first is the scene betwixt himself and his son, in which he narrates to him his career, expatiates on the merits of the "booing system," clinching it with the emphatic declaration that it is "infawllible." With unblushing effrontery, but with a humour which is irresistible, he dwells upon the various "boos" or steps of his "seestem," his "casting about morning, noon and nicht for every mode of prosperity, his looking out for an ancient, weel-jointured, superannuated dowager, or, in short, for ainything, ainything that had the 'siller;' his attendance at morning and evening services of churches and chapels o' ease, and the midnight, melting, conceeliating love-feasts of the Methodists, his groaning and weeping and wailing, his gnashing of teeth and turning up the whites o' his een till the strings cracked." All these various "boos" Mr. Phelps describes with so much unction and fidelity to nature that the audience fairly breaks down, and the Scotchmen present become hysterically convulsed. His second great scene is when he finds himself completely baffled and thwarted by his son's firmness and refusal to participate in his schemes. When Egerton positively declines to marry the Lady Rodolpha, and declares that he loves another woman, Mr. Phelps gasps out, "anither wumman, anither wumman! how dare ye love anither wumman without my leave," and throws himself into a chair, beside himself with rage and fury. "The villain has shot me through the head! He has cut my vitals! The fellow destroys aw my measures, aw my schemes, O damn the fellow! three boroughs, only for sending down sax broomsticks," and he rushes off the stage

like one demented. His rage is appalling. You almost expect to see him fall down in a fit, and his misery and disappointment almost become pathetic. The third great scene is the one between Sir Pertinax and the Chaplain, and this we have already alluded to.

Mr. Phelps has certain mannerisms peculiar to himself. Most actors have; and we should as soon think of quarrelling with them as we should have done with finding fault with the shape of Mr. Charles Kean's nose, or the peculiar kind of huskiness of Edmund Kean's voice. Mr. Phelps is no copyist, and, considering how long he was associated with Mr. Macready, it is surprising how little he ever caught of that eminent actor's peculiar and infectious mannerisms. Of all living actors he is, perhaps, the most versatile. The work he has gone through during the last forty-five years is marvellous. He has performed nearly every leading character in Shakespere's plays, from Hamlet, Lear, and Macbeth, down to Pericles, King of Tyre, and Timon of Athens. While with Macready at Covent Garden and Drury Lane, although then recognized as an actor of the first rank, he undertook second and third-rate parts, such as Macduff, Old Adam, Iachimo, Antigonus, Kent, Friar Lawrence, Antonio, and a host of others, and stamped them with an individuality all his own. He is the original performer of many important parts of recent date, such as Bertuccio in *The Fool's Revenge*, and the King and the Miser Trapbois in *The Fortunes of Nigel*. He is equally great, if not greater, in characters in the highest range of comedy. His Lord Ogleby, Sir Peter Teazle, and Sir Anthony Absolute are excellent. He has played Bottom the Weaver, Christopher Sly, and Sir John Falstaff with complete success. He is the best representative of Baillie Nicol Jarvie on the stage, and can keep his audience in roars of laughter with the eccentricities of Jeremy Diddler. In short, as Sir Pertinax declares that he "boo'd by instinct," so Mr. Phelps, in addition to careful study, acts by instinct, and the result is as round, satisfactory, and complete as the demonstration of a mathematical problem.

We have occupied so much space in justice to this fine impersonation that we have no room left to notice the other actors in the performance, a dilemma which relieves us of an unpleasant duty. Truth compels us to say that Mr. Phelps was most inadequately supported, and in a way to which a Manchester audience have not been accustomed. The actors did not even know their parts, and had to be perpetually prompted by Mr. Phelps himself. Mr. Raymond has ability, but he did not seem to care to avail himself of it on this occasion. Mr. Wainwright is also possessed of talents which, with care, time may mature. He was thrust into a part for which he was about as much qualified as Mr. Leitch was for Sidney, the tutor. This last was like putting Mr. Compton into the rôle of Joseph Surface, with the difference that Compton would have at least succeeded in making the part amusing, a result at which Mr. Leitch was as far from arriving as he was in the legitimate rendering of the character. Mrs. Egan was, as usual, careful in the little which was given her to do, and the excellent part of Lady Rodolpha, which has been performed by some of the best actresses of modern times, was allotted to Miss Claude, but, although the character was cut down to the smallest proportions, even in the little that was left she was overweighted. As for Egerton, we thought, last season, that we had seen the finest specimen of stony stiffness which we had ever witnessed, but we must admit that the representative of the character on Monday last reached even a lower deep.

THE MAYOR'S RETURN.

IN consequence of Mr. Alderman Willert's famous remark that, to re-elect Mr. Grave as Mayor during his absence in Egypt was like playing *Hamlet* without the Ghost, the Corporation have resolved to give a grand miscellaneous and Shakesperian performance in honour of his Worship on his return from the Suez Canal. The Mayor himself will take part in the entertainment, and will make a very substantial representative of "the majesty of buried Denmark." By the courtesy of the management of the T. H., King Street, we are enabled to give the principal scene, as adapted for representation upon this auspicious occasion.

SCENE FROM HAMLET.

Hamlet	First Alderman.
Ghost	His Worship the Mayor.
Horatio	Second Alderman.
Marcellus	First Councillor.
Prompter	Sir Joseph.

The Platform. ENTER Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

PROMPTER.—Leave off your damnable faces and begin.

HAMLET.—The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

HORATIO.—It is a nipping, and a heager hair.

HAMLET.—What fare now?

HORATIO.—I think it smacked of punch.

MARCELLUS.—Indeed? I tasted not; it then draws near the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off within.)

HAMLET.—The Mayor doth come to-night, so let's carouse,
And, as we drain the draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettledrum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of our pledge.

HORATIO.—Is it a custom?

HAMLET.—Ay, marry, is't;
And to my mind—though not a native here
Nor to the manner born—it is a custom
More honor'd in the observance, than the breach.

ENTER Ghost.

HORATIO.—Look, my lord, it comes.

HAMLET.—Angels and ministers of Grave defend us!
Be thou thyself, or Ethiopian swart,
Bring with thee airs from Suez, backsheesh from Nile,
Be thy intents wicked or hospitable,
Thou com'st in such a comfortable shape
That I will dine with thee; I'll call thee Cramlet,
John, Pasha, Royal Grave; O answer me!
Let me not bust in ignorance! but tell
Why thy Cumbrian bones, sent to the Sphinx,
Thus fill their garments? Why the pyramids,
Wherein we thought thee quietly inurn'd,
Have op'd their ponderous and marble jaws
To cast thee up again? What may this mean
That thou, old hoss, again in complete robes,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of Sir Jos,
Making night jovial; and we, bent on turtle,
So prandially to shake our disposition
With thoughts within the reaches of our stomachs?
Say, why is this? Wherefore? Where shall we dine?

HORATIO.—It beckons you to go away with it.

MARCELLUS.—Look with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removèd ground;
But do not go with it.

HORATIO.—No, by no means.

HAMLET.—It will not speak; then I will follow it.

HORATIO.—Do not, my lord.

HAMLET.—Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin-cop's fee.
It waves me forth again; I'll follow it.

HORATIO.—What if it tempt you to Broughton's floods, my lord,
On the dread summit of that Suburb's Cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the Irwell,
And there assume more than that burly form
Which might deprive you of good appetite
And draw you on to Mount House? Think of it.

HAMLET.—It waves me still:
Go on, I'll foller thee.

MARCELLUS.—You shall not go, my lord.

HAMLET.—Hold off your hands——

HORATIO.—Be ruled, you shall not go.

HAMLET.—My fate cries out,
And makes each petty strap about this body
As tough as any Belle Vue Lion's nerve.
(Ghost beckons.)
Still am I called. Unhand me, Councillors;
(Breaking from them.)
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me;
I say, away.——Go on, I'll follow thee.
(Exeunt Ghost und Hamlet.)

HORATIO.—He waxes desperate with imagination.

MARCELLUS.—Let's follow. *(Exeunt.)*

The entertainment will conclude with the farce A RACE FOR A DINNER, by the whole strength of the Company.

N B.—At the close, conveyances will leave for Cheetham Hill.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE REV. H. H. WESTMORE'S PREFERMENT.

SINCE the date of our last publication we have been informed that a change has been made in the preferment ultimately accepted by Mr. Westmore. It is not Barnes, but Hutton, near Brentwood, in the diocese of Rochester, which is to have the benefit of Mr. Westmore's ministrations. The rectory of the latter place is not of greater value in point of income, but the population is 400 as compared with 3,000 in Barnes, and the rectory house and grounds are more in keeping with the value of the living. Hutton has lately become vacant by the death of the Rev. J. C. Haden, and, like Barnes, is in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's.

THE CITY COUNCIL.

Year by year, the unpleasant truth becomes more and more apparent that the right class of men do not go into the council. When things come to such a pass that even the committees of the council exhibit an unwillingness to associate with those who are sent amongst them by the ratepayers, it is evident that there is a false tone of opinion abroad in connection with the council, and that its position is not properly appreciated by the more respectable portion of the community. There is prevalent an unwholesome notion that it is a condescension to take office in the council. We are not disposed to take a very high view of the dignity of the position of a councillor, or even of an alderman; but at the same time, we cannot help feeling that it is ridiculous to sneer at the idea of taking a place in the council. However much that assemblage may lay itself open, like any other assemblage, to the animadversions of the outside world, it possesses a great deal of good solid power for good or evil over all our local destinies at which it is absurd to scoff. Whatever may be said in ridicule of it, it is the governing body of the town, and is superior to every other body in it. There is no reason why it should be regarded with the scornful eye which is too often cast upon it. There ought to be a higher opinion current of its dignity, and men of a better class would then take part in it. We cannot hold the press, with its stock jokes about "municipal magnates" and the like, entirely innocent of the present unsatisfactory position of affairs.

THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIMES.

Although we are yet a month off Christmas, active preparations for the production of the annual pantomimes have commenced at both theatres. At the Royal, the story of Sinbad the Sailor, from the *Arabian Nights' Entertainment*, is to be laid under contribution for the introductory portion of the pantomime, and Sinbad's seven strange voyages and wonderful adventures ought to furnish capital material, both for the author and the scene painter. The piece at the Prince's will be founded upon the nursery story of Cock Robin, and we believe that the Leclercqs have again been engaged for the harlequinade.

MANCHESTER ARCHITECTURE: MR. MACLAREN'S NEW CHAPEL.

Comparisons may be odious; nevertheless they are freely indulged in by all who pass up or down Oxford Road. The stone Church of the Gésu and the brick Union Chapel are so conspicuous as to force attention and comment, and of a necessity comparison. While the slim elegance of Mr. Hansom's work excites almost universal admiration, the sturdy stiffness of Mr. Melland Taylor's building comes in for more blame than praise. We do not altogether agree with the public verdict, and when the time comes will give our reasons for not doing so. At present we will confine ourselves to the new Union Chapel, which was opened for service on Tuesday evening last. Externally, the façade next Oxford Road is decidedly effective and good, the porch being a really feeling bit of work. A little praise is also due to the sides; but the ridge tiles have evidently been worked to a wrong scale. Internally, from an art point of view, there is nothing which deserves even the slightest praise. On the contrary, almost everything belongs to that class of work which artists call "debased." The fittings, from the iron beams down to the gas brackets and the hinges, have evidently been taken out of an iron manufacturer's pattern book. As far as mere physical capability for seating a great number of persons, and for affording both minister and people a good view of each other, the architect has been eminently successful. These are two great points; but from an architect we expect much more. As it is, we have a chapel whose style has not inaptly been called "anything very broadly treated." It is more like a concert hall than a chapel. Indeed it is one of the numerous offspring of the Surrey Music Hall, where Spurgeon first achieved great repute, and which has since been destroyed by fire. The building is deceptive. The massiveness of the exterior led us to expect equal breadth of treatment in the interior, and there we are met with an entire change of style, tone, and treatment. Even as regards the exterior, we should hesitate before approving all the details or the treatment of the brickwork, and our praise must be considered as limited to general effect. The selection of the design by the committee need cause no surprise, for it is just the class of work which, by the aid of colour, can be made to look anything on paper.

DESTITUTE PRISONERS IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—You remark (Nov. 6) on the propriety of the Prisoners' Aid Society helping destitute and oppressed persons when in the hands of the police, and adduce, as an example to follow, the New York Prison Association. As a member of the American institution, allow me to inform you that it is a Department of the State, and in receipt of large sums annually from the Treasury. Its powers are as extensive as its funds are large. Whereas our powers are limited by the Act of Parliament and by the scantiness of our funds. I had hoped that the clergy of Manchester would have seen that our work was worthy of their support, but hitherto they have offered no assistance, and the governor and visiting justices of the City Gaol have consistently opposed us. They enjoy the unenviable distinction of administering the affairs of the only prison in the kingdom which, having the opportunity, neglects the means of providing work for discharged prisoners.—Yours obediently,

Dukinfield, Nov. 11. ALFRED ASPLAND.

[LIVING MEN OF LETTERS.]

4.—MR. MARK LEMON OF *PUNCH*.

IN the old and, indeed, in the new order of nobility, we used to call, and do call, the person whose name was admitted to the *Lebro D'oro* by the name of his chief victory. Thus, we have Lord Dudley of Agincourt, Baron (then Viscount) Nelson of the Nile, Lord St. Vincent, not to mention the heroes who fought at Sobraon and relieved Lucknow, and our latest military addition, Lord Napier of Magdala. As for our latest literary addition to the peerage, it was to have been—if the peer-maker Gladstone could have had his way—Baron Grote of Greece—for surely that history, luminous and full of learning as it is, is worth a victory—or should we call him Viscount Grote of Plato, or of Socrates and his Companions? Those are true books and worth recording, and, in giving Mr. Mark Lemon his title, it is worth while remembering his chief or his life work. He is Mark Lemon of *Punch*, the kindly editor who has held the whip for more than a quarter of a century; the wise manager who has quarrelled with no man, and has put down each of his contributors at his true value; the friend of Jerrold, Thackeray, and Leech: the agent, as it were, by whom whatever money those gentlemen earned was paid them; a man of business as well as a man of letters, and equally honourable in both; a man who is always employed in going about doing good, and of whom the most mordant cad of a *litterateur*—and we have one or two of the genus cad in our ranks, not more—can say no word, no honest word, that reflects anything against him; nay, this very cad is obliged to wind up with "After all he is a jolly old brick, jolly old Mark."

A plague upon Time that he takes advantage of us. "There are only two honest men in the world," says Falstaff, "and one of them grows old." More than sixty years, summers and springs mostly, have fallen upon Mr.

Mark Lemon's head, and have turned the black hair to an iron grey, have lined and seamed the face, but they have not dimmed the kindly outlook of the eyes, and have but softened and made sweeter the playful smile that hovers round the mouth. And the face is a remarkable one in its way—it has such a look of power and good nature mingled. You may see it, in company with a very ample form, dashing up Regent Street in the centre of a hansom cab, which Mark Lemon fills out with an admirable sufficiency; you may see it surmounting a fancy costume in a reading at St. James's Hall; or you may see it coming from the *Illustrated News* Office, or looking from a photograph of a burly farmer-like man in Spooner's shop in the Strand, but wherever you see it you will find kindliness, force, good humour, concentration, and manliness. And never more of that kindly manliness which has distinguished him was ever seen than when, at the funerals of his two friends Thackeray and Leech, we saw the upturned eyes streaming with tears, great heavy tears that came "napping" down the pale cheeks, and again and again gathered and fell from the saddened eyes.

Whether Mark Lemon, as we shrewdly suspect, be of that ancient race which gave kings to Judæa and prophets to the world, it boots not to enquire. He was born in the year 1809, near Oxford Street, London, and a pretty boy, with curly hair, something like young Disraeli, used to be seen, nigh sixty years since, in a lady's carriage, when Wimpole Street *was* the seat of aristocracy, and Cavendish Square in its glory. From carriages and such like our hero must have fallen to evil fortunes and days, for there is a rumour that Mr. Lemon once purveyed other refreshments than those mental kickshaws which he gives us every week. He made his earliest attempts, too, at stage plays, was jolly both off and on the stage, and lived the life of a literary Bohemian what time Mr. Gilbert Abbott a'Beckett, a briefless young barrister, wrote for *Figaro*, and rubbed his stuff gown into holes by waiting in and outside the courts in Westminster Hall in hopes of a brief. This *Figaro*—"Figaro here, Figaro there," and of course "everywhere"—was a rabid Radical publication; but Radicalism had a cause then, and, heaven knows, the Tories wanted shaving. Robert Seymour was an artist who drew and managed to live; his sketches were hardly then known; and John Leech and Kenny Meadows (whom people took for a *comic* artist!) were drawing on the gallery of comicalities in *Bell's Life*. Mr. Mark Lemon, Mr. Blanchard, Henry Mayhew, Horace Mayhew, Maginn, Albert Smith, E. L. Blanchard, and Douglas Jerrold met one day, at the shop of Joseph Last, in Wellington Street, after various preliminary struggles, and did resolve upon imitating a certain French periodical, the *Charivari*—which, indeed, might itself have been imitated from our *Figaro* or *Black Dwarf*. For the *Black Dwarf* had been put in prison, and *Figaro* had died. The Englishmen might have been original, but they were not. Look, for instance, at Mr. Alfred Thomson and the *Period*—that indecent imitation of *Le Journal Amusant* and *Le Petit Journal*. Why should the conductors of the *Period*, with which is combined the *Echoes*, thus drag the name and fame of English letters in the dirt, after a French fashion? If they must prostitute themselves to the vice of the age, why not in an original way?

Why they were so stupid as to call *Punch*—perhaps the very best name ever suggested for a comic paper—by the second title of the *English Charivari*, which it is not, and never was, always puzzled the present writer, even when, as a boy, he bought its first number. Some of its writers had been over to Boulogne, and Thackeray, who was not there at the commencement, and came on afterwards, a swell from *Frazer's Magazine*, and a college-man, had lived in Paris; but *Messieurs les abonnés* who took *Punch* in knew about as much about the *Charivari* as they did about Sanskrit. The *Charivari* was epigrammatic, caustic, savage, full of wit, often indecent, and strongly political. *Punch*, too, had its wit, tried to be epigrammatic, was full of sound, honest English humour, not heartily political, but thoroughly social, and was never improper nor indecent, but always cleanly and manly. The very varnish on *Punch's* nose glistened with a holy dew of cleanliness; the very second cut which John Leech did was a satire on those unfortunate foreigners, those loungers of Regent Street and the Colonnade of the Quadrant (since taken down), those "Foreign Affairs," which Leech, from the bottom of his entirely English heart, most thoroughly despised. Besides this, the *Charivari* was often in opposition to the reigning powers, and was actually always disloyal. *Punch* was, has been, and is, always loyal; loyal in a true, good, and wise sense, as an English gentleman might be. We are not exaggerating the fact when we say that to the wise loyalty of *Punch*, its writers, and its artists, the reigning sovereign owes much, very much, of the best and heartiest popularity she has. We believe that Mr. Lemon has never touched one penny of public money, but we are sure that the good that he has done, the value of the honest service he has rendered, has been simply incalculable.

For a nation must laugh, and there is all the difference whether it laughs like a satyr, or like those bitter fish-women did in France at blood and slaughter, or like we have laughed under *Punch's* auspices for many years. The proprietors of the paper were wise enough to find out that their editor was a good one, and we, who have served under many and have commanded heavy vessels ourselves, here declare that a good editor is just the one thing needful for the success of a publication. You can get plenty of good writers, if you know where to pick them out; you can select your artists, and you can contrast your goods so as to show each other off; or you can call fools into a circle and spoil the lot! *Pauca palla bris;* let the world slide. "*Sessa!*" quoth Christopher; how many publishers have, with the help of editors, poured their money down gutters!

Mr. Mark Lemon did not succeed to the editorship of *Punch* till Henry Mayhew had retired, and Mr. Joseph Last, the publisher, had sold his share and the shares of the literary gentlemen, too, we believe, to Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, who have since then published our veteran contemporary with such signal prosperity and such success. Not only was our friend editor, calling to his aid Jerrold, Thackeray, Tom Taylor, Percival Leigh, Burnand, and a host of others, and helping artists, poor old Newman, Kenny Meadows, Phiz, Bennett, M'Connell, neither of them learned nor great, and Charles Keene and Du Maurier, but he was a song and a dramatic author. He has produced upwards of seventy pieces, farces and else. Where are they now? One or two of them still keep the stage, but modern dramatic literature—even such great poems as *Formosa* and *Billy Taylor*—soon drop into the grave. Mr. Lemon, as an author *pur et simple*, is not very great. He has written "largely," as the ordinary writer has it, in *Household Words* and the *Illustrated London News*, and what he has done has been done with a workman-like finish and neatness. He has written, and honestly, in the *Daily News;* has furnished the music-sellers with some capital songs; has given pleasure to our little ones in some Fairy Tales of very sufficient workmanship, the *Enchanted Doll* and *Legends of Number Nip;* and when there was a run upon Christmas Books, did not the industrious Mark Lemon come forward with a Christmas hamper stuffed full of good things? He has written also in *Cruikshank's Magazine* and in A. Beckett's *Almanac for the Month;* and lately—years fly by rather

quickly—he let us have two novels, *Wait for the End* and *Loved at Last*. Finally, he did a bold but somewhat careless piece of work in editing *The Jest Book* for Macmillan. This should have been the very best book in the language. It is not so good as we might have expected.

When Dickens was at Devonshire House, "surrounded with rank and beauty" say the liners, and for once within the memory of living man there was a duke who took notice of pressmen, and saw that Literature is a living force, not to be despised and utterly neglected, there were certain plays got up, and admirably acted, by the *Punch* staff, John Forster, and others; and amongst these actors, if Dickens was the best, Mark Lemon was the second. He has since turned this schooling to account by giving dress "recitals" of Falstaff with admirable effect.

Reading this over, and leaving the subject of our sketch alone, sole monarch of *Punch*, we find we have said nothing against him. Let us save ourselves with a *caveat*. Therefore *cave, caveto!* we have never taken one penny of Mr. Mark Lemon's money, and only know him slightly and by repute, and indeed do charge him with making *Punch* successful, and, therefore, breeding a foul lot of stupid imitators, who have made wit (?) vulgar, detestable, often indecent and common—in fact, to quote our wisest of witty men—frightfully corrupting. We find, too, that we have not quoted any of our author's writings. Therefore, oh reader, remembering the sweet and gentle nature of the man, take down any volume of *Punch*, and selecting, not the long articles, but the admirably fitted in padding (for the last thirty years), pick out the sweetest, neatest, and the most pointed paragraphs and epigrams, and put them down with a clear conscience to its editor, Mark Lemon.

FOOTBALL.

MANCHESTER *v.* LIVERPOOL.

CRICKET, for obvious reasons, cannot keep its hold on the enthusiasm of its votaries all the year round. It is preeminently a summer game; in the winter the physical energy of young Englishmen must find some other vent. Thus it often comes to pass that at the close of the legitimate cricketing season, cricket clubs resolve themselves into football clubs. The Manchester Athletic Club is an energetic illustration of this kind of transformation, and on Saturday last it had its grand field day of the year, the occasion being the annual match between Liverpool and Manchester.

The scene of the contest was the cricket ground of the Athletic Club, in Whalley Range, adjoining the Lancashire Independent College. It is a pretty ground and well kept. The only unusual phenomena about the field were the goals—two perpendicular poles some yards apart, with a cross bar—and a few flags which marked the side boundaries. The weather on Saturday was so hopelessly bad that there was no difficulty in coming to the cheering conclusion that any sort of unnecessary out door exercise was utterly out of the question. The appearance of a handsome vehicle, drawn by the traditional four greys, returning from the ground scattered our hopes, and caused us to hurry on the oldest hat and the thickest overcoat of which our resources could boast. On reaching the ground we found that we had missed the "kick-off;" for the play had just begun, and the players were ranged against each other. Their attire was of the simplest; a tight fitting shirt or jersey, white trousers, and of course boots; and yet was elaborate enough to be pretty effective. On one side was the Manchester team, in shirts with red stripe, or some similar shade: on the other, the Liverpool in blue; twenty a-side when each is fully represented. Each side does its utmost to gain a goal. The game played in this instance is known as the Rugby game, the principal feature of which is to allow the greatest possible liberty to the players.

There is a gale of wind blowing, and Liverpool is playing down it, of course an immense advantage to them, and a misery to the home players. The ball is well in the middle of the field. Over it the majority of the forty are struggling in two opposing masses. These are the heavy or fighting brigades; with them weight and physical strength are all important. Beyond these and rarely mixing with them, but carefully watching the ball and guarding their goal, are two rows, one on each side, spreading well over the breadth of the field. The ball by some mysterious agency escapes from the mass and travels towards the Manchester goal in an unpleasant fashion. Here one of the red light brigade has it, and uses the moments' interval allowed him to send the ball away well into the enemy's country, where it is again fiercely fought over. Now a cunning blue has it to himself, and before friends or foes can reach him, he has tucked the ball under his arm and rushes with the speed of the wind towards the Manchester goal. He dodges the first red who tries to stop him, and rushes at a second. Here his course is for the time ended; for the red giant has him round the neck. "Well held! Well held!" shriek the spectators, of whom there are at least as many as might have been expected; who make up any deficiency in numbers by frantic, noisy enthusiasm; and who are unanimously red in sympathy, and as a natural consequence find it a trifle more easy to recognize and acknowledge the fine points of play when achieved by one of their own side. Instantly the two are rolling together on the floor, and in less than another second blues and reds tumble on them, and there is a writhing, struggling heap of players, red and blue promiscuously, all supported by the first unhappy pair as foundation. Breath is not altogether crushed out of them it seems, for they struggle to their feet, apparently unhurt, certainly heedless of their injuries. The players are jammed in a close compact mass, with the ball well in between them. Then comes a grand scrimmage. Every player in the field but the out-fighters rushes to take his share. The closely knit mass is moved by two impulses; the blues fighting and struggling one way, and trying to carry the ball with them, whilst the reds try to stop that, and at the same time to move the other way; all working like beings possessed. Again the ball gets out, and a watchful red has it, and tries to elude the enemy. But it is useless; they are too close on him, and he has barely time for a kick, which sends the ball high in the air. Too high, it seems, for the wind acts on it and sends it back again. Manchester is palpably feeling the effects of having to work in the teeth of the elements. The bystanders anxiously consult their watches and pray that "half-time" may come. So the mad hurly burly goes on with varying success, the ball passing from one side to the other, with the players in hot pursuit, and excited shouts of "Well played, red!" (at times it seemed to us spoken for encouragement) "Off your side," "Hack him, sir! Hack him up! Why don't they hack him?" groans the dissatisfied public, as a fleet blue rushed away with the ball. This "hacking" appears to consist either in violently tripping up the enemy, thus sending him head over heels to roll on the grass, to haul him to the ground by superior weight and strength, or by any other means to stop his further progress. At length the Liverpool umpire is driven to admit that "half-time" has come; that is, three quarters of an hour of the hour and a half fixed for play having elapsed, the players changed sides. The spirits of the spectators, which have, however, never been allowed to droop much, now rise greatly, for during the rest of the game the reds play with the wind, and, of course, the Liverpool players have that agency against them. Thus the game is continued for another three quarters of an hour, when the rapidly approaching darkness makes further play impossible.

Our impression at the end of the play was, that the game had been an excellent one, and that the sides were very fairly matched. The game terminated in what is technically called a "draw." Neither side had got a goal, and the result was to that extent an undecisive one. We heard some little grumbling that the reds were not quite so well represented as they had hoped to be; but that was a contingency at least as likely to apply to the Liverpool. Without being in any case exceptionally brilliant, the play all round was good. If we had to give a decision on the question of superiority, it would be that Liverpool had slightly the best of it. During the earlier part of the game this was certainly the case; as might have been expected from the wind, the reds were decidedly kept too much to their own side of the ground. Even when they got the wind in their favour, the change did not at first appear particularly beneficial. At first the ball was driven so as to "pen" them too near their goal to be pleasant; and once the Liverpool had a try at goal, which, but for the wind, would doubtless have been achieved. But this gain was partly counterbalanced by the efforts of

the reds towards the end, when they played with a famous energy and vigour, which was almost irresistible. The pluck of the players, both red and blue, was altogether unexceptionable. There was nothing like shirking or funking. Everyone struggled as if dear life depended on success. Amongst the Manchester players we were particularly struck by the fierce courage of a young light-haired giant, who, conspicuous by his height, was always to be seen in the very centre of the fiercest struggle, and by the coolness and skill of two of the outsiders, one distinguished by a deep red, the other by a yellow shirt; and the gentleman who more than once excited cries of "Well played, George!" well deserved the praise so bestowed. Indeed all, both red and blue, appeared to be gifted with inexhaustible wind, strength, and courage. And foot-ball requires, in addition to the skilled use of the foot in kicking, the speed of the racer, the skill and strength of the wrestler, and the science of the pugilist. All these qualities are brought into play, often simultaneously, and are kept up at the highest pressure. "Oh! it's all right," explained he of the yellow stripes to an apologetic blue, at the end of the game, "you knocked me silly for a bit, but it is only the look of the thing in church." "The thing" was a luxuriant black eye.

No physical coward can hope to be a successful foot-ball player, even in ordinary weather. On Saturday the weather was extraordinary. The fierce wind, which laughed umbrellas to scorn, bore with it a beating, blinding rain. For the waterproof protected spectators it was bad enough. But who can think unawed of the state of the bare-headed, tight-shirted, white-trousered players, after something like two hours' exposure. No wretched vagrant, accustomed to face the furious elements, but would have struggled to find some shelter on Saturday afternoon. Yet forty young Britons, ordinarily well clad, were found willing so to expose themselves. A cynic might have been excused for regarding the whole affair as madness, without method or mitigation. Cricket has at least one advantage over foot-ball; it is not played in all sorts of weather. The contrast between the appearance of the players when they began—with hair carefully parted, and shirt, trousers, and boots immaculately clean—and when they finished, with hair drenched and dishevelled, the rain streaming down their faces, wet through beyond hope, and daubed with thick mud, the contamination of many salutations of the sodden ground—this contrast might have been highly amusing to spectators if there had not been a conviction that their own appearance was scarcely a subject for serene self-satisfaction or congratulation.

DOGBERRY, VERGES, AND MR. MENDEL.

It is a consequence of the hard and unyielding manner in which the directors of our Manchester Exchange exercise their functions, that, although, in their recent controversy with Mr. Mendel, they appear to have a technical verdict in their favour, yet nearly every one grudges them that verdict, and registers it against them on a long list of similar settlements. A disagreeable and inconvenient building ought to have managers of a contrary tendency. As it is, the building and the directorate coincide, and the architectural features of both belong to that noble order called the perpendicular and paltry. Gentlemen of irreproachable character and of tried ability in other walks of life, when once admitted to the Exchange directorate, become as obstinate and disagreeable, and meanly spiteful and litigious, as if the sphere of their intellectual exertions were confined to the hack arguments and the vinous quirks of an evening smoke-room in an obscure village. They look at the subscribers as the lady at Mugby Junction did at the travellers by rail—as so many "beasts"—and they treat them accordingly. The result is that the Royal Exchange is unpopular throughout, and that, when any controversy arises like that we are now discussing, the run of public feeling is all against the directors. Those gentlemen will no doubt chuckle over their letter of the 5th November as a splendid disclosure of Mr. Mendel's gunpowder plot. The obstinate old gentlemen, whom it is Mr. Murray Gladstone's proud prerogative to represent, will consider that letter the leading epistolary egg of the season, and a very large egg. Yet a more disingenuous letter was never written, and the obstinate old gentlemen, who are no more fit to direct the Manchester Exchange than they are to perform "the wild children of the Bedouins" on a bare-backed horse in a circus, never made a greater mistake in their lives than in supposing that they have gained a signal victory.

What is the use, for instance, of talking about the inconvenience of admitting 6,000 friends to see 6,000 subscribers when they are willing so to admit them, if first passed by the master? Does the master's *imprimatur* remove the inconvenience? If not, why plead the inconvenience at all? Any child at an infant school can easily choke off the "six thousand" argument altogether, because, in the first place, the directors know very well that their contemplated hypothesis is absurd, and, in the next place, Mr. Mendel's friend would have been content had he been told point blank that it was *contra leges* that he should be allowed to see him. But the Liverpool gentleman was taken to the secretary, and interrogated by him as if he were an individual bent upon evading a pecuniary engagement with which the interrogatories of the secretary might have the effect of saddling him; and, as the stranger felt innocent of any desire of the sort, the action of the cross-examining secretary would be the more offensive to him. If we urge that it would have been easy for the official who first accosted the stranger to have told Mr. Mendel that a friend wished to speak with him, we shall be met, probably, by Mr. Murray Gladstone with the rejoinder, that the officials have not time to hunt out the subscribers for the 6,000 friends who are continually waiting in St. Ann's Square, and such a return would be welcome grain for the obstinate old gentlemen of the directorate. But unless our plan had been adopted, it seems to us that it would have been physically impossible, according to the Exchange Cocker, for Mr. Mendel and his friend to have met at all. You cannot go on 'Change without an introduction, but this gentleman could not get one without his friend Mr. Mendel; therefore the ticket man would have had to have fetched Mr. Mendel, and this would have been the easiest solution of the difficulty; but it would have deprived the secretary of the pleasure of indirectly intimating to the stranger, by his line of cross-examination, that he was a very suspicious character, to whom hard labour would afford time meet for repentance. It seems clear that if a subscriber wants to see his friend on 'Change, and has no other friend to introduce him, as was the case with this gentleman from Liverpool, that he must be Old-Bailied by the secretary as an indispensable preliminary. We understand Mr. Mendel to object to this, and to say that conduct of that kind could have no parallel in any other city in Europe. We quite agree with him. But then he forgets that no other city in Europe is so fortunate as Manchester, either in the superb edifice which is called an Exchange, or in the superb gentlemen who are called directors. Mr. Gladstone intimates in his letter that Mr. Mendel's friend was "invited" on change; that, in short, Mr. Mendel wanted to make a convenience of that building. Had he done so he would have been more successful than any known subscriber, living or dead. But it does seem a little surprising that the Exchange should be the only closed corporation in Manchester at which, at a push, you could not get hold of a friend. We pay at the theatres, at the concert hall, at Hallé's concerts—yet at all these, if a gentleman wanted to see a friend, the officials would not first insult him by insinuating that the "friend" plea was an excuse for getting in without paying, and then ask him whether, after all, he wished to see his friend.

Any one who knows Mr. Mendel knows perfectly well that if there be a man wedded to the observance of law and order, it is he; that he is a stickler for precedent and regulations, and a rigid martinet in enforcing them; that, moreover, he would not claim for himself that which could not fairly be conceded to any other subscriber to the Exchange. If, therefore, a man of this kind complains, it may be pretty certain that he has good ground for it, in the fact that the Manchester Exchange throws every possible obstacle in the way of a casual visit, however short, from any friend or acquaintance who may pop in upon you when you happen to be within that charmed enclosure. Mr. Murray Gladstone has, in effect, laid down the law that if you wanted to say "good-bye" to an Exchange subscriber—not being one yourself—you must either pay three guineas or be viséd by Mr. Simpson. The whole thing is preposterous, and every one can see it save and except the obstinate old gentlemen of the directorate. It would be a wild hypothesis to assume that any stranger ever came inside our Exchange to look at the interior, because any one looking at the outside could never want to explore the interior. But supposing it were otherwise, what a bobbery there would be between the secretary and the ticket-taker, who would both detect a fraud in the pretence! Secretary, examining, would demand age, name, weight, residence—"are you baptized?"—"married man?"—"family?"—"parents living?" and so on. What in the world will become of us all when they open their new building we dare not surmise. The obstinate old gentlemen will be more irate than ever. The new building will affect them like an attack of gout. They will divide society at large into the sheep and the goats—in other words, into those who subscribe and those who do not—and upon the latter they will keep a jaundiced eye, occasionally varied with green, opal, and scarlet.

We saw a dog one day on 'Change, who was evidently not a subscriber. He had no doubt come in under the pretence of seeing another dog, not on business, but he clearly was aware that his character was in peril, for he kept his tail well down, as if attached by diachylon plaister to his main edifice. That dog was gracefully forwarded to the door, and he scuttered hurriedly away at the finish, tucking in the rearward division of his system as if attacked in flank. The officials have never got over that incident. They now consider all flesh as canine, and their subscribers for the most part as quadrupedal.

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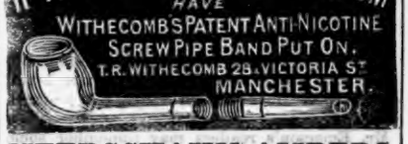

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THE POLICE AND THE CASE OF JOHN FORD.

A fortnight ago we directed attention to what we conceived to be a miscarriage of justice at Ashton-under-Lyne,—an old man, John Ford by name, having been sentenced by the magistrates at the County Sessions to one month's imprisonment for sleeping in a hay-loft. The statement we then made having been forwarded by Mr. Alfred Aspland to the chief-constable of Ashton, has elicited the following reply:—

Ashton-under-Lyne, Nov. 9th, 1869.

DEAR SIR,—*Re* John Ford. The bearer, George Norris, is the officer who apprehended the above-named at about one o'clock at midnight on the 10th of October last, at Haughton, sleeping in a hay-shed in Haughton, where he had been before. The occupier sent for the officers to have him taken into custody, and on his being asked where he came from, he replied he was stopping at a place called Castlehill, near Stockport, about a mile away. He was taken before the magistrates and committed for one month, but no one appeared on his behalf, and he gave no reference to any one, nor did he request any one to make enquiries respecting him. Ford is a man of drunken habits, and has no known place of abode.—Yours truly, HENRY HALL.

Alfred Aspland, Esq.

As a complete refutation of Mr. Hall's official explanation, we might content ourselves with simply repeating the remarks we made in commenting on the case a fortnight ago. But additional evidence has come into our possession, which of itself is sufficient to show that the police and the magistrates are alike to blame for their conduct in the matter. Mr. Hall's assertion that Ford "has no known place of abode" is untrue. The man has not only worked for his present master, John Ingham, blacksmith, Castlehill, for about 25 years, but he also lodges and boards with him. That Ford "is a man of drunken habits" is untrue. Our information is to the effect that he was "probably in liquor" on the night of his arrest, but this is not his customary or ordinary condition, and it does not appear that drunkenness formed any part of the charge against him. Mr. Hall asserts that "no one appeared on Ford's behalf, and he gave no reference to any one." This is again untrue. Ford's sister, a brother-in-law, and Mr. Ingham, junior, his employer's son, were all present in court, and would have given testimony on his behalf had the opportunity been accorded them. Mr. Ingham stepped forward with the intention of speaking for him, and, in fact, intended to pay any fine that might be imposed, supposing that this would be the only penalty inflicted, but one of the officers of the court, officiously and peremptorily ordered him to stand back, and the unfortunate prisoner was thus left helpless and unprotected. The whole affair is a striking satire upon our police and magisterial system, which, in cases of this kind, leaves a poor man undefended and practically defenceless in the presence of an officious and not particularly enlightened police and magistracy. And whilst trivial offences are thus magnified into heinous crimes, and innocent men are branded as criminals, the burthens upon the already overtaxed ratepayers grow apace. We trust we have not yet heard the last of the case of John Ford.

BUXTON v. SCARBRO'.

IN view of some extensive improvements about to be undertaken at Buxton, a deputation from that popular watering-place recently visited Scarborough, to obtain such information and guidance as might be serviceably employed upon the projected changes. The report will probably be presented privately to the committee who have charge of the intended alteration, but one of the deputation has communicated to the *Buxton Advertiser* the subjoined notes of his visit:—

A visit to Scarbro', under any ordinary circumstances, cannot fail to be a pleasant one. Nature and art have done so much for the place that dull indeed must be the eyes and intellects of those whom it fails to charm. Its noble bay and its old castle; its magnificent hotels and handsome houses; its gardens and promenades; its ever-rolling and ever-changing sea; its music and the ebbing and flowing tide of human fashion and beauty, combine to make the place one of complete fascination. Nature has been so well supplemented by spirit and enterprize, that it may now be well called the Queen of Marine Watering Places. All this, however, has been a work of time. Those enterprizing men who first projected the Cliff Bridge and the Gardens, met with little or no assistance from the old Scarborians. Prejudices had to be cut against the grain; and the gradual development of the gardens to their present perfect state was watched with envy and heart-burning by the aboriginals, although the gardens were making Scarbro' the most popular of watering-places, and "Scarbro' now could not be Scarbro' without them." They are, in fact, the centre of attraction. People can hear the band, or see the grounds, from above or below, but the majority obey the notice at the gate, and cheerfully "Pay Here." No matter what the weather may be, the wet streets are traversed, and the friendly shelter of the promenades is sought and enjoyed; and the brilliant lights give charming animation to the whole scene. Indeed, the indifference the Scarbro' visitor exhibits for wind and rain appears marvellous, after our experience of the shiverings and grumblings of the Buxton visitor at every drizzling shower. The Scarbro' visitor dons his overcoat—the ladies their warm and rather fast-looking jackets—and brave the elements for the morning or evening promenade, and then go home, without complaining, through the soaking rain. Probably it is owing to the bracing sea air. But the demand for cabs on such occasions is great, and the supply appeared equal to the demand.

There was nothing in the gardens that may not be equalled or excelled in the gardens of Buxton. However beneficial sea air may be to the genus homo, its influence on vegetation is anything but genial. Trees and shrubs looked but poorly, though the ordinary bedding plants, geraniums, calceolarias, verbenas, &c., were healthy, and were arranged in nicely and tastefully contrasted beds, well kept and carefully trimmed. Our Buxton climate—which, like the domestic cat, has so much to answer for—would grow anything that was growing there healthier and better. Beautiful,

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however, and commodious as the Scarbro' gardens must be considered, they would probably, be it remembered, never have been made if "the sense of the town" of Scarbro' had been taken on the matter. It is so difficult to move people out of the ruts of prejudice that many good schemes have "stuck in the mud" in consequence; and, possibly, the old "Duke-do-everything" party, or the old "Stick in-the-mud" Society, may prevent any improvements being immediately proceeded with here, unless, like the individual mentioned by Burns, "They tak' a turn an' mend!" But "delay" means few visitors and long winters, while "progress" means plenty of work, good wages, more visitors, and longer seasons.

The band of Scarbro' consists of 21 members, paid at the rate of 50 guineas per week, and is composed of reed and brass instruments. There is, therefore, a sweeter blending and harmony than in our own band of ten performers with only brass instruments The playing, however, allowing for numbers, was not superior to the Buxton band, or so appropriate for out-of-doors. Indeed, in the finer passages, when only a moderate sea was beating against the garden wall, the band could not be heard at the distance of a few paces; and, on Saturday evening, when the band of the volunteers (a brass one) played at one end of the promenade, while the regular band occupied its usual place in the orchestra, it was curious to observe that the refined music of the latter was comparatively deserted for the loud and crashing quick-steps and waltzes of the former, who monopolized nearly all the audience, and for that evening at least, most of the applause.

One peculiarity in Scarbro' is worth noting. There is no furious driving. Although compared with Buxton, no lame people cross the streets with pain and difficulty, there are no cabs and omnibuses driven at the rate of twelve or fifteen miles an hour. The Mayor and "chamberlains" have caused notices to be posted in public places, intimating that any person riding or driving furiously on the sands or in the borough of Scarbro' is liable to 40s. fine, or fourteen days' imprisonment. This notice evidently has the desired effect; and why our Local Board cannot do likewise is for the members and their constituents to consider. Another thing may be noted. At any place, where there is a pleasant view, convenient and substantial seats are placed for vistors by the corporation. But in the matter of creature comforts, cleanliness, and attention, at hotels, Buxton has nothing to learn from Scarbro'.

CHARITY AND PAUPERISM.

AT the first meeting of the Manchester Statistical Society, for the session 1869-70, held last week, Professor W. S. Jevons, of Owens College, the president for the year, delivered an opening address, in the course of which he made some important remarks on the connection between our system of charity and the prevailing enormous amount of pauperism.

One subject, he said, which had not obtained the attention that it deserved, was the tendency of medical charities and the poor-law medical service to nourish the spirit of pauperism. We should take care, lest, in yielding to the impulses of humanity, we did more harm than good. He feared that the union hospital might be made so easy of access, and so attractive, that it might lead half way to the poor-house itself. But he felt bound to go further, and call in question the policy of the whole of our medical charities, including all free public infirmaries, dispensaries, hospitals, and a large part of the vast amount of public charity. What he meant was, that the whole of those charities nourished in the poorest classes a contented sense of dependence on the richer classes for those ordinary requirements of life which they ought to be led to provide for themselves. Medical assistance was probably the least objectionable of all the forms of charity; but it nevertheless might be objectionable. Every free hospital and dispensary tended to relax the habits of providence which ought to be most carefully cultivated, and which could not be better urged than with regard to the contingency of sickness. The revenues of established charities in London were said to be more than two millions a year. Not only, he feared, was a large proportion of this wasted in excessive costs of management, but a further large portion really went to undermine the most valuable qualities of self-reliance, and to form a bribe towards habits of mendicancy and pauperism. At present the result of almost all charitable efforts was to make the poor look upon assistance as a right and natural thing in every contingency of life. Why should this be encouraged? If people were absolutely unable to provide for themselves, the reason would be a strong and intelligible one; but he did not believe that the people were really in such a hopeless state of poverty. On the contrary, the wages of the greater part of the working classes, and in these districts almost the whole, were probably capable, if wisely expended, of meeting the ordinary evils and contingencies of life; and were providence in small matters the rule, the most unhesitating aid might properly be given in the more unforeseen and severe accidents and cases of destitution. But there was little use in bewailing an evil unless some mode of remedying it could be found. There was not much difficulty in discovering the only remedy applicable to medical charities. No one could seriously think of abolishing those charities; but why should not the working classes be required to contribute towards institutions, mainly established for their benefit? Self-supporting dispensaries existed in many places, which afforded all the requisite aid to any persons subscribing such a small amount as 1d. or 2d. each per week. He had heard that some of the London hospitals conceived the idea of adopting this system, and refusing aid in all minor cases except to their own subscribers. It would not be necessary to render the hospitals self-supporting. Endowments and public contributions would usually enable every hospital or dispensary to give back in medical aid several times the value what was given in small contributions. The object would be not so much to raise money as to avoid undermining the provident habits of the people. Non-contributors might still be relieved, but only on the payment of a fine; and of course cases of severe accidents, illness, or destitution would still be relieved gratuitously, as at present. Self-help was the truest kind of help, and they conferred the greatest benefit upon a person or class of persons when they enabled and induced them to do without their aid for the future. Money spent in the education of the young had this beneficial effect. Money spent in other modes of charity had generally the opposite effect. Hence he ventured to look upon £1 spent in the education of the young as worth £50 spent in most other charitable uses. Having spoken against the abuse of medical charities, he might not be expected to spare his remarks upon a multitude of others which had nothing to recommend them. He alluded to the small doles of money and bread, coals and blankets, and other articles which, in almost every parish in England, were given out chiefly through the hands of the clergy, at intervals according to the benevolent but mistaken intentions of testators. In Manchester, he had seen the Cathedral filled by an indiscriminate crowd of poor persons, each summoned to receive a blanket or coverlet. These must be productive of a certain amount of physical comfort, but what was that to the demoralizing effect of each casual charity upon the energy and provident habits of the recipients? Such charities were an unmitigated nuisance. The money was not merely thrown away; it was used to do harm. It would, accordingly, be a most salutary measure to divert a considerable part of these misused funds to the promotion of education.

Mr. Dante G. Rossetti, the painter, has a volume of Poems in the press, which is to extend to 300 or 400 pages, and appear next spring. It will contain much early and much recent work.

EMERSON.—A new volume by Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson will be published about the 1st of December. It is entitled *Society and Solitude*, and will contain twelve essays, among which Mr. Emerson's readers may remember some old friends. An essay on "Books" is probably the lecture which was once delivered on that subject in England. One on "Art" was issued in the *Dial* as "Thoughts on Art." "Domestic Life" is an early essay, which was re-printed by Mr. M. D. Conway in a revived *Dial*, which he edited in Cincinnati about ten years ago. "Works and Days," the title of another chapter has been for some time a favourite with the American lyceums.

CARLYLE ON BOOKS AND READING.—The following letter was received from Mr. Carlyle a few days since by the honorary secretary to the Wedgwood Institute, Burslem:—"Messrs. Chapman and Hall are directed to send you five voll. viz: *Sartor and Heroes*, one vol.; *Schiller and Sterling*, one vol.; *Cromwell*, three voll. The utility of your enterprize will depend mainly on your judgment in selecting books—on your earnestly and sedulously choosing books that are nourishment to the mind of a man, and rigorously rejecting what are poison (by far the most numerous class at present).—T. CARLYLE."

MR. BRIGHT AND THE "MORNING STAR."—Mr. Justin M'Carthy, formerly editor of the *Morning Star*, and now resident in America, has written a note to the editor of the *New York World* to correct a statement to the effect that the late London *Morning Star* had "lost much of its influence recently, because of Mr. Bright having ceased to contribute certain leading articles which used to appear every Monday, and which gave the *Star* a power it could not otherwise have had." Mr. M'Carthy says that "Mr. Bright never wrote leading articles or any other articles for the *Star*," and that, although "this is a statement which will surprise many people in London, as well as in New York, it is nevertheless strictly true." All that he did was to write two or three "mere statements of fact, or explanations of some generally misunderstood clause of some parliamentary measure;" and Mr. M'Carthy adds "that Mr. Bright would have felt something amounting almost to a conscientious objection to his assumption of the part of an anonymous political critic." But he also adds that "Mr. Bright's withdrawal from any connection with the *Star* must have affected its influence."

An Irishman remitting money to his son, wrote:—"In this letter I sind ye five pounds; but for fear ye might spend the whole of it, I hope ye'll return half of it by the next post."

AUTHOR AND MANAGER.—A young author, fired with the ambition to see his pieces acted on the stage, was in the habit of sending an endless number of manuscripts to the manager of a well-known theatre. This manager was a good-natured gentleman, who did not like to be too hard on the unfortunate authors whose works he could not accept; so he always returned this particular young gentleman's productions with the assurance that they really were not bad, but that the subject was perhaps not quite so well chosen as it might have been, and that the dialogue was scarcely telling enough. At last the ambitious youth became suspicious that his plays were really never read at all. Accordingly, he one day sent the manager a parcel which looked like a scroll of manuscripts, carefully wrapped in white paper, and tied with a red silk ribbon. In a few days he called for an answer. "My dear sir," said the manager, in his usual way, "your work is really charming, and I have read it with the greatest interest; but I regret to say I must return it to you, for the material——"—"What?" interrupted the would-be dramatist, "is it too old?"—"Oh dear, no," was the reply; "its only fault is that it is rather too delicate and tender in its character for my theatre."—"Indeed," exclaimed the author, "that is really astonishing." Whereupon the parcel was opened, and an excellent fresh sausage was unrolled before the eyes of the abashed manager. "I was particularly careful," continued the young gentleman, "to get one with garlic in it, as I was most anxious that it should not be too tender and delicate!"

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications should be addressed to the Editor, *Sphinx* Office, 37, Oxford Street, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

Business communications and advertisements should be addressed to Messrs. J. G. KERSHAW & Co., "Main" Printing Offices, 37, Oxford-st, Manchester

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The following articles and descriptive sketches have appeared in the *Sphinx*:—

No.
34.—Crossing Swords with Her Majesty's Inniskillings.
37.—A Bicycle Race at the Free Trade Hall.
39.—The Cumbrian and Westmorland Wrestlers.
40.—Gymnastics Again: Another Death.
41.—Owens College Athletic Sports.
43.—Lancashire *v.* Surrey, at Old Trafford.
44.—The Bicycle Contests at the Amphitheatre.
46.—An Assault-of-Arms at the Free Trade Hall.
47.—The Match between Lancashire and Sussex.
48.—The Athletic Festival.
49.—Amateur *v.* Professional Cricket.
49.—Athletic Fete at Longsight.
50.—Mode of Awarding Athletic Prizes.
51.—Lancashire Cricketers in the South.
52.—Pedestrianism *v.* Gymnastics.
53.—Lancashire *v.* Warwickshire.
54.—Swimming Races at the Mayfield Bath.
54.—Manchester *v.* Broughton.
55.—Lancashire *v.* Sussex.
56.—The Great Boat Race: Oxford *v.* Harvard.

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